Alla stueatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. What would'st thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, & as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir your Passado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*,

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,
Where is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and soundly to your houses.

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin, O sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe,

Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.26) Octavo